

WITH HAVELOCK
FROM
ALLAHABAD TO LUCKNOW.

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FROM
ALLAHABAD TO LUCKNOW
1857

"Be not ye afraid of them :
Remember the Lord which is great and terrible,
And fight for your brethren,
Your sons, and your daughters,
Your wives, and your houses."

NEHEMIAH iv. 14.

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Dedicated

BY KIND PERMISSION

TO

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS

V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the Indian Mutiny is now an event long past, and the facilities of modern education and travel tend to obliterate quickly the memory of circumstances which, at the time of their occurrence, were of thrilling interest, I venture to publish these extracts from letters which were written to me from day to day by my late dear husband, when he was marching under General Havelock to the relief of Lucknow, feeling sure that there are still many survivors of those days to whom the letters will be interesting ; and I also publish them for the benefit of my grandson, Arthur Forbes Shirreff, and boys of his age, in the hope that whatever be their lot in

life, they may endeavour to emulate the heroism of one who, young in years and of a most tender and loving nature, faced hardship, fatigue, and danger with a cheerful courage that never flagged.

Perhaps it is due to those who kindly feel disposed to read these letters, and yet are unacquainted with the leading circumstances under which they were written, to state that my late husband's regiment, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, was one of the oldest in the Honourable East India Company's Service, having fought under Stringer Lawrence, Clive, Coote, Cornwallis and other famous leaders. After the amalgamation of the Honourable East India Company's Service with that of Her Imperial Majesty's Army, the Regiment was known for many years as the 102nd, but it is now called H.M. Royal Dublin Fusiliers. In the year 1857 this Regiment garrisoned Fort

St. George, at Madras ; and, because it was composed of Europeans, was sent to Calcutta by Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B., the then Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, in order that it might proceed up country at once, and help to quell the mutiny which was spreading in Bengal.

Their Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General Neill) distinguished himself at an early period of the campaign, by suppressing the Mutineers of Benares on the 3rd of June.

A part of the corps was amongst the first to arrive at Allahabad, and with some other regiments formed the force over which General Havelock was appointed, and on the 7th July they started on their perilous march, first to Cawnpore, and then to push on to the relief of Lucknow. Fighting their way from day to day, they soon reached and took Cawnpore, and

there alas ! became aware of the saddest event of those terrible times, viz. the massacre by the insurgents of the European women and children. Anxiety to relieve Lucknow caused General Havelock to hurry forward, and the 22nd and 23rd of July found him with his little army crossing the Ganges into Oude, a small Kingdom which had lately been annexed to British rule. In Oude they fought several battles, but towards the middle of August the General reluctantly felt obliged to retrace his steps to Cawnpore. Cholera as well as fighting had so reduced his numbers that there was no alternative but to wait for reinforcements. These arrived about the 15th September with General Outram in command, and then the recruited column recrossed the river, and began its final advance on Lucknow, which was entered on the 25th. To that memorable day

these letters do not extend, owing to the complete interruption of the usual means of conveying intelligence. Lady Inglis, in her interesting book "The Siege of Lucknow," has given a vivid description of the joy with which the army under Generals Havelock and Outram were welcomed by the beleaguered garrison. Thus reinforced they kept the enemy at bay, until adequate relief arrived under the command of Lord Clyde.

This however did not happen until November, and in the interim there was perpetual fighting between the troops in Lucknow and the rebels surrounding them. Valuable lives were lost almost daily. Among them was that of my dear husband, who was mortally wounded in a sortie on the 5th October. While on the march to Lucknow he had heard of the birth of his little daughter, receiving at the same time

a tiny lock of her hair, and doubtless the hope of being spared to see her caused him many a pleasant thought in the midst of his anxieties and dangers. But the meeting was not to be. He died in the Residency Hospital, and they buried him in the same spot with many of his comrades, and now violets bloom where these heroes were laid.

HELEN M. I. GROOM.

INTRODUCTION.

EXTRACTS from letters written to his wife by Lieutenant William Tate Groom, an officer in the 1st Madras Royal Fusiliers. He was born August 10th, 1831. Educated at Rugby School. Entered the Hon. E.I.C. Service in 1850, served in the Burmese war of 1852-1853 (Burmese Medal, Pegu clasp). Was ordered with his regiment to join General Havelock's Force in quelling the Indian Mutiny, May, 1857. Fought all through this campaign until he was wounded, after entering Lucknow, in a sortie on the 5th of October, lingering until the 21st, when he died in the Residency Hospital.

WITH HAVELOCK
FROM
ALLAHABAD TO LUCKNOW.

Sasseram,
Thirteen miles south of Benares,
On the Grand Trunk Road

June 8th, 1857.

I seize the opportunity of an hour or two's rest to write a line to you; perhaps the last you will get for some time, as all communication is stopped north of Benares.

The rebellion has spread all over Bengal and the mutineers are in possession of eleven out of seventeen Treasuries.

We hope to get into Benares to-morrow morning. The night before last, the 37th B.N.I. mutinied in Benares, and were fired into and dispersed by some 200 of *ours* and the 10th Queen's. Some of the Sikhs Regiment were killed by accident, and they went off too; but it is reported that they returned yesterday, and have had 10,000 rupees given them by the head magistrate. Allahabad has revolted. At Ferozpoore, Her Majesty's 61st cut one regiment to pieces, and the other corps laid down their arms. The 4th Cavalry stuck to us. A portion of the Gwalior contingent have gone over to the enemy. Punjab ready to rise if any mistake is made at Delhi, which is to be attacked to-day.

I left Calcutta on the night of the 4th June by rail, and we arrived at Raniganj at two o'clock in the morning of the 5th.

Renaud, Stephenson, Grant, Fraser and Spurgin went on in carriages immediately. Seton and I started on the same day at six o'clock in the evening, and ran 100 miles by twelve o'clock noon on the 6th. We dined, and at four o'clock p.m. again started and caught up the others at Sherghatti, where they had stopped by order, on account of the revolt in Benares. We, however, last night got a telegraph despatch, "All clear, come on," so we have run on to this place, and start for Benares at four o'clock p.m. We are all armed with guns, revolvers, etc., and keep a bright look-out. There are Sowars all along the road, so I think we can give a good account of ourselves.

The Ghoorkas have taken Simla, but have not committed any outrages. They allowed the ladies and children to proceed to Dugshai.

No clue yet arrived at as to the cause of the mutiny, but it is generally supposed that the annexation of Oude, Nagpore and Tanjore, and the squashing of the Madras potentate is the real cause of the alarm. They also fancy that Lord Canning was purposely sent out to make them all Christians. All these things, together with the new cartridge alarm too, have caused the revolt.

They say that all the ladies in Benares are in the Mint with a strong guard over them. At Cawnpore, they are in an entrenched barrack. At Lucknow, in the Residency. At Agra, in the fort. Lots of ladies are in a little fort at Chunar, and we have sent twenty-five of our men to take care of them. I suppose a stronger force will be sent out directly it can be spared, and they will be brought into Benares. I do not think the rebels can

do much more mischief *now, below* Benares, as troops are pouring up the Grand Trunk Road, and also by the steamer on the Ganges. The mischief they can do *above* is awful to think of. I am very glad General Sir Patrick Grant has been sent for, and hope to see him in Benares before the end of the month.

Colonel Neill is acting brigadier.

Allahabad, *June 14th*, 1857.

You have doubtless heard of all the horrors that have been perpetrated, so I need not recount them.

I reached Benares safely, and was sent off the same night, with 100 men, Stephenson, and Bailey to reinforce the garrison at Allahabad.

After three nights' march through a country in a state not to be described,

(villages and towns all in flames, and the shrieks of the unfortunate villagers being plainly heard all along the road) we reached the banks of the Ganges on the 12th. We were surrounded the whole way, but the wretches never came within shot, and were merely looking out for plunder. Such work I never had in my life, and I am only just now able to sit up, and feel a little life in me again, after the exposure to the sun and want of rest.

We are surrounded here by sepoys, mussulmen, villagers, and in fact all mankind. Food very short, and our men are dying in an awful way from overwork and exposure.

- We found a wing of a Sikh Corps in garrison here, and Neill got them out last night to the great relief of everybody. We now breathe in peace.

The enemy are in a very strong position

in a place called "The King's Garden," three miles off nearly. We fire round shot perpetually at his outposts, and to-day we are going to try two huge mortars, and see if we can't touch him up a bit.

No news from Delhi and Cawnpore ; in fact the whole country north of Benares is in the hands of the rebels. Sad work ! and no one knows how or when it will end. I shall, I hope, keep well. To-day is the first day my head has been itself, and I am on main guard.

Our men behaved nobly at Benares the other day. They (30) covered the guns, and H.M. 10th (200) as they advanced on the 37th B.N.I. and Sikh regiments.

Our rifles are the admiration of everybody, and we astonish the niggers not a little.

Same day.

Allahabad, *June 14th*, 1857.

I wrote you a long letter this morning, and sent it to the Brigadier (Colonel Neill), in order to insure its being sent by a river steamer that leaves for Calcutta to-night with a large number of ladies and children who have been saved (it has never reached him). I arrived in Benares on the 9th of June, and the same night we (Stephenson, Bailey and 100 men) started for this place, and by God's blessing reached it in safety.

The whole country is in arms, and the few native servants left in the fort seem to be going off rapidly.

We are quite safe here, with some 250 of ours, 150 volunteers (railway folk, etc., and about thirty invalid artillery). We have lots of food (of a kind) and plenty of ammunition and water.

I am in a great state of anxiety about you all in Madras. We never get any news save by reports, which of course cannot be relied on. I cannot give you any news from here, as I cannot tell into whose hands this letter may fall. The letter I wrote this morning has evidently been stolen by the native to whom I gave it. He will not find anything to encourage either himself or friends. The horrors going on in Bengal are enough to appal the stoutest hearts. Such a scene of desolation as the whole country presents would not be believed on paper.

Allahabad, 26th June, 1857.

All well up to this. The cholera has stopped almost entirely. One of our men yesterday, and none to-day as yet.

Renaud has just come in from Benares, he says 800 men are there, chiefly 78th and 64th. All coming on as fast as possible.

Colonel Havelock is coming here as Brigadier General to command; and we shall have four European regiments and two or three batteries of artillery in a week or two. I fancy we shall then begin on our own account. We have lots of officers attached to us. Worth, H.M. 60th, Lieutenant Moorsom, 52nd, Morland and Hall, 1st Bengal Infantry, Pearson, 54th B.N.I., Captain Barrow of *our* cavalry is also with us. Swanston of our 7th is with the Sikhs. We have had no fighting since I last wrote. Intelligence has been received of the fall of Delhi, and the capture of the king, who is to be hanged!!! Hurrah!!! All officers are quite well. The dawks now come in daily from Calcutta, so I hope you will get a

line every day from me. Colonel Neill has had such a letter from Sir Patrick Grant, thanking the regiment, which he calls "his dear lambs," for the work they have done.

Allahabad, *June 29th*, 1857.

All well up to this. Some more men of the 84th came in yesterday, also a company of the 64th.

General Havelock comes in to-morrow morning, his staff the day after. He sent in an order to have two full regiments, and six guns ready to advance to the relief of Cawnpore by the end of the week.

The Sikhs (who always appear to get the very best intelligence) heard last night, that General Wheeler was doing well at Cawnpore, and though surrounded, he was able to make sallies now and then, and

inflict sufficient punishment to keep the insurgents at a respectful distance. Sir Henry Lawrence is holding his ground well at Lucknow, but there is a strong force round him. The whole of Oude is lost save Lucknow, and it will be smart work if we save that. Poor Sir Henry is very dangerously ill, they say, and should anything happen to him, I fear that Lucknow would fall. We expect Grant, Dale and our men from Ghaziepore to-night, and 300 of the 64th in the *Mirzapore*, and coal steamers. This was once a lovely place (three weeks ago). The cantonments are magnificent, such fine roads, and grand old trees on each side of them, so that at mid-day one could drive about from house to house in the shade. Some of the houses must also have been very fine, all save three or four now occupied by troops have been completely destroyed. The

church, a large and very handsome building, is now occupied by troops. The rebels completely smashed all the pews, the altar, ceiling, and painting, and tore every Bible and prayer-book they could find into little shreds.

We hear that everyone is in great alarm in Bangalore, guns in all the barracks, and troops parading for church armed. It is a very wise precaution, for the mutiny here has most effectually proved how little we know of sepoys or any natives. Yesterday (Sunday) I was on a court martial, trying a native, who after a most lengthy and elaborate investigation, turned out to be one of the only men who can be trusted about here. He had pointed out the houses of several Budmashes in the city, and the Shiristadar¹ and head of police trumped up two false charges against him to get him out

¹ The head native official of a law court.

of the way ; they being a pair of the greatest scoundrels in the place. I have just found out that no postage stamps are to be got here, so you will have to pay one anna for my letters. I have got one rupee and three annas, and Major Stephenson owes me fifteen rupees!!! so I am quite rich. I don't know what we shall do for want of money. The men have had no pay this month at all.

We have had a magnificent fall of rain which has laid the dust and cleaned out the drains of the fort. We all feel very smart and fresh after it. Cholera nearly entirely disappeared, and a little pay, and 2000 pair of boots, and a few spare boxes of rifle ammunition would do wonders for us. Fancy ! We are armed with rifles and have hardly any cartridges left. There are none in any arsenal in Bengal save at Calcutta.

Allahabad, *July 3rd*, 1857.

This will be the last letter that you must expect for some time. We advance to-morrow morning, at least that is the order, and after quitting this, we plunge into utter anarchy and desolation. No post-offices! No meat! No drink! no nothing! I was on main guard yesterday, and at 2 o'clock a.m. had to open the gate for an officer who had come in with dispatches from Renaud, forty miles ahead. He says they have received intelligence in camp, of the fall of Cawnpore, and the massacre of the whole of the Europeans there. A Rajah told Sir Hugh Wheeler that if he would quit the place at once, they might do so without molestation by boats. He, being very short of food, listened to the fiend, who got 120 boats for the party who embarked, and

pushed off; no sooner were they in the river, than he opened fire on them from his heavy guns, and killed large numbers. Many jumped from the boats and reached the opposite shore, but were immediately cut to pieces by a body of 2000 cavalry, who have been patrolling the road to keep out all communication between Cawnpore and Lucknow.

He told me all this, and then galloped straight to the general's tent. Shortly after lights flickered there, and great has been the consternation all the morning.

This morning orders show Stephenson, Grant, myself, Dangerfield and Seton with 200 men to Cawnpore to-morrow; with us, 64th, 84th, and I hope some guns. Thirty of the R.A. have just arrived. Renaud's party I believe have been ordered to halt, and await our arrival, as the

enemy must now be in great force on the road, and 400 men cannot possibly take Futtehpore—1400 will be better able to manage it. Græme and Hornsby are both in Calcutta, I see, and will doubtless very shortly join us. Spurgin and Arnold went in the steamer with 100 men this morning. I do not think they will reach Cawnpore as the river is falling very rapidly. I shall keep this open till five o'clock (it is now about one p.m.), and will let you know the last news and orders.

5.30 *p.m.*

I do not think we can possibly start to-morrow, I see no chance of our getting carriage. We may move into camp. Some alterations have taken place since the morning.

We shall start thus—

H.M. 64th	...	...	684
H.M. 78th	...	...	223
1st M.F.	...	...	200
Artillery	...	...	30

Total 1137 Europeans

and 130 Sikhs.

We shall have also six guns with us, I hope, and when we catch up Renaud, we shall have nearly 1600 fighting men, with eight guns. We *ought* to give these gentlemen a dressing! I sincerely hope we may.

Camp, Allahabad, *July 5th*, 1857.

We moved into camp last night, and I believe we march to-morrow morning at one o'clock. Early rising, is it not? I fancy we shall be on our legs till twelve or one to-morrow, and perhaps not have the

baggage up then. We are encamped on the glacis of the fort, and it is very comfortable *now* as I have a chair, table and cot; but all these superfluous luxuries I shall have to leave behind.

One small hackery for our tent and baggage is all that is allowed. Poor Sir Charles Napier would have been charmed, I am sure, at the scantiness of our apparel, etc.

No news from anywhere this morning, but we very much fear that Cawnpore must have fallen after all, as we have no news from Sir Hugh of any kind. However, it is impossible to say, as the whole country between Futtehpore and Cawnpore is in the hands of the enemy.

Later in the day.

We have just received more news from

Renaud. He says, "A man has just arrived from Cawnpore and has stated that seven days ago the Rajah withdrew his men, and that Sir H. Wheeler immediately left his entrenchments, hoisted the English flag in the bazaar, and is now in full possession of the place!!" I think that *this* story is more likely than the horrible account brought in two days ago. We have not marched yet, still short of provisions. Our camp makes a very grand front. It looks as if three whole regiments were on the ground, and two batteries of artillery. I suppose this is a dodge of the General's to impress the natives with a wholesome awe of the forces.

If Cawnpore is clear, we shall march on Lucknow, and relieve Sir H. Lawrence, who must be looking very anxiously for support. All the ladies have been ordered out of this place, and Benares, in case of

any fresh row ; and many left this morning in a river steamer for Calcutta.

I must wind up as the General threatens to move. Grant and I march with a very small sepoy tent between us—no mess tent or anything. I am quite well and strong now, after the rest here.

Allahabad, *Tuesday, July 7th, 1857.*

One line from me ; we start at two o'clock this afternoon. Yesterday the rain poured in torrents the whole day, and our camp was one huge swamp, all our things wet, and I was unable to find a place to write you a line on. Cawnpore has fallen ; I am sorry to say under circumstances of awful atrocity. All the men are in high spirits, and are not as yet affected by the exposure, but I fear we must have a great

deal of sickness ere long. A fight at Benares yesterday, 800 of the enemy killed, none of ours hurt. I must stop short as I have not a minute. We are just parading to discharge rifles.

Rain coming up now; we shall have a wet march, I don't expect to be *dry* again for a long time.

Camp Koh, 9th July, 1857.

I just write a hurried line to say that we are all well up to this. On the evening of the 7th, we left Allahabad in one of the heaviest showers of rain I ever was in. Our own band played us out. The Highlanders had their pipes (five), which seemed to astonish the niggers not a little. We went seven miles that night, and were encamped in a swamp!! Next morning,

to everybody's delight, we moved on six miles to better ground, and this morning we have made twenty-seven miles from Allahabad.

Renaud writes this morning, and says that Spurgin was attacked by 500 men and one gun, as he was going up the river. He landed his men, charged the gun, spiked it, and threw it down a well, putting the enemy utterly to flight. He also says that Nana Sahib is coming down the road to meet us. He is probably not aware that he has to meet 1500 Europeans with eight guns. I only hope he will not find out his mistake and return without the pleasure of an interview. He must be caught somehow or other. His atrocities no one can describe.

I have not heard any news except that all the Sikhs that mutinied at Benares have been cut to pieces by the Oude

people, who seem to hate them as much as they do us. This little incident will, I think, most effectually put a stop to any more Sikhs defecting in that part of the world, at all events. I feel pretty well again, but get very tired from marching. I have no horse or pony, and thirteen miles is rather a long walk before breakfast. I shall soon get into the swing of it though, and shall not feel it then at all. If more troops are sent rapidly from England, we ought very soon to settle these villains and get the country quiet again, and I suppose that then we may have a chance of getting home.

Everyone here seems to think that the Company's rule is over now; and that Government will, immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of the mutiny and rebellion, advise Her Majesty to rule India herself. I quite think so.

I shall, I hope, be able to write again to-morrow, but am not sure; this will be sent in through the General's people.

Camp, *July 11th*, 1857.

We reached this ground, name unknown, at nine a.m., after walking seventeen miles! Lots of men in hospital of course; but the General could not help it, as Renaud, five miles in our front, sent in intelligence last night of the very greatest importance from Lucknow. Sir Henry Lawrence has been attacked, lost one of his forts and four guns. He must also have lost a large quantity of provisions, as he says it will be all over by the 20th. God help him! I do not think we can possibly relieve him by that time, as we shall have every inch of ground disputed from Futtehpoore to

Cawnpore and Lucknow. We have no cavalry except 150 Sowars, that we cannot depend upon. I am pretty well, only rather tired from the long marches that we are obliged to take. I shall finish this to-morrow. Good-night.

12th, 5 p.m. :

We had our first fight this morning at eight a.m., and by one it was over. Eleven guns taken, and Futtehpoore in our hands ! The General is of course delighted ! Now I must tell you all about it. After our awful walk yesterday, we were all not a little astonished to find that we were to march again at eleven that night : distance eighteen miles. We groaned when our bugles sounded the rouse, and the pipes of the Highlanders began "Hey Johnnie Cope," however, away we went, and joined

Renaud's force at about two in the morning; at seven o'clock we halted on a plain, with topes and a swamp to the right about a mile off, a rising mound in front about 700 yards distance, and to the left paddy fields, and broken ground. Our artillery was left on the road that ran straight up the centre of our position. The 78th, selves, and cavalry began to pitch our tents on the right, and the 84th, 64th and Sikhs on the left of the road. One hundred of our men were ordered to proceed two miles up the road, and one hundred Sowars four miles (in fact nearly up to Futtehpoore), to make a reconnoissance. I was quite done up, and had lain down under a tree to sleep, when Beatson, the Adjutant-General of the force, rode up and told us "that our men were retiring, and that the enemy was advancing in force." Hardly had the words left his mouth, when they opened

upon us with their guns at an impossible distance, and large bodies of cavalry were seen moving to our flanks. As their guns came down the road ours opened on them, and at the same time we all formed quarter distance column, and advanced in echelon from the right, covered by our skirmishers. It was a short, sharp and very decisive affair. Our rifles completely upset their cavalry. They fled, leaving all their guns, a large quantity of tents and ammunition, etc., in our hands, eleven guns of kinds 185, 245 and 9 and 6 prs. We did not lose a man! Three have died of fatigue, which was to be expected, as we were all in the sun until three o'clock. I fear many more must have died, as they were lying all over the town when the rear guard came through. It has altogether been a very fortunate affair. The sepoy engaged were 1st, 53rd, 6th, Gwalior

Artillery, 2nd Light Cavalry and some irregular regiment. The cavalry all fought in their regimentals; infantry in white clothing.

13th July, 1857.

We halted here to-day luckily for me. I had a nasty attack of fever last night from over-fatigue, and the rest has been of great service to me. I hope to be all well again to-morrow. I must stop now as it makes my head ache sitting up.

Camp Mullipore, sixteen miles from
Futtehpore, *July* 14th, 1857.

We left the scene of our first victory at three this morning. I was on the sick list, as I told you in my last letter, and had to

come in a dhoolie. I am very much better, and I shall hope to be quite well in time for the storm and sack of Cawnpore, which little event we hope may come off the day after to-morrow. We have heard that the head of the rebels there, is a Mahratta chief, and that all the women and children are safe in his palace at Bithoor. If so, please God, we shall be able to save them. He, of course, has been keeping them as hostages in case of his capture at Cawnpore.

The General has estimated the force we licked on Sunday at 2500. They had arrived at Futtehpore the same morning as ourselves, so their stay there was brief. One hundred Sikhs returned towards Allahabad this morning, to see that the road is kept open. I do not think I told you of our loss on the occasion of the battle of Futtehpore. We lost five men

from *coup de soleil*, and the other regiments about five between them. We were skirmishing in the sun up to our knees, and occasionally *waists* in water all the morning. One poor fellow was shot in his tent last night accidentally by a comrade.

Men and officers are tolerably healthy and fresh, considering the work we are all doing, which is anything but light.

On the line of march this morning we found in a village twenty-five casks of porter, *fancy that!* It is the best thing we have done yet. Guns are all over the country, but porter is not.

The guns we captured on Sunday came chiefly from Nowgong—in fact it was the Nowgong company of artillery that was in the field. I must now stop and take a sleep, as we go on at 11 o'clock to night; so good-bye.

I had no idea a week ago that I should have a chance of sending any more letters for a fortnight; mind, you must not be astonished at a sudden stoppage.

Camp, 15th July, 1857.

We have had two fights this morning, but have of course held our own. The enemy's practice with a twenty-four siege gun, which was planted on a bridge over a wide nullah, was mighty creditable, but very disagreeable. I feel very seedy to-day after it all, so cannot give you a very full account. As usual we were in front, and to-day got rather peppered.

Poor Renaud very badly wounded leading the men into action. I fear he will lose his leg. Fraser a contused wound in the elbow, my pay sergeant is also badly

wounded, but none of *us* killed; 78th one killed, other regiments I know nothing about. We have taken four guns to-day. I am very sick of the constant harassing work, it is incessant; and from exposure and fatigue, I really feel very far from serene. I must stop now, it is so late; indeed I only wrote a line in case you might hear of the second skirmish through some other channel.

Cawnpore, 17th July, 1857.

By God's blessing I am again able to let you know how we are. You must not be astonished at any eccentric grammar or English, for my head is in a whirl from exposure and want of rest. Yesterday morning I was on the sick list from a mild sun-stroke, the effects of the two previous

days' fighting. We started from our ground at 5 a.m., and intended halting four miles from Cawnpore. After proceeding about eleven miles, one of our scouts came in and informed the General that the enemy had thrown up works commanding the road two miles in our front; he ordered us to bivouac (it was then 9 a.m.), and told us he intended storming the enemy's position and taking Cawnpore that day. He gave us till one o'clock, and then the bugles sounded the assembly.

The whole of the sick and wounded, baggage and commissariat were ordered to remain behind, but I got leave from the doctor to come on in a dhoolie, and when the fight opened I was as fresh as possible, though very weak. I am glad I came on, for I saw as hard a day's fighting as falls to the lot of most soldiers.

Fusiliers in advance of course, and we

showed them how to drive *whole regiments* out of snug positions by a couple of extended companies with Enfield rifles. Their grape and canister told very severely on us; and, horrible to say, the cavalry cut up a very large portion of our wounded and stragglers. After our final advance in line and utter rout of the enemy, we halted, and the General rode down the ground of the 78th and Fusiliers. You never heard anything like the cheering. We slept on our ground that night, with nothing but our swords and muskets for our pillows, and I woke up this morning as filthy and refreshed a man as any in the camp. We moved into the cantonment shortly after daybreak, and our baggage came up about twelve; so I write from a comfortable tent. I am much exhausted, but am decidedly better than I have been since Futtehpoore.

Spurgin and the steamer arrived and anchored at eleven this morning, so we shall be able to cross the river to-morrow. The General says he intends going to Lucknow in two days (fifty miles)! He seems quite unconscious that any soldier can ever get fatigued, and accordingly punishes us very unmercifully.

Captain Beatson, his Adjutant-General, is dying, I fear, of cholera, brought on by overwork and exposure. Poor Currie of the 84th, who was commanding the detachment of that regiment, was frightfully wounded yesterday. Stirling, commanding the 64th, was also hit, so now half of the officers commanding have been wounded. We continue to receive the most complimentary messages from Sir Patrick Grant, who calls us "his dear lambs." I fear that "his dear lambs" are rapidly getting exhausted, and we shall want a fresh supply

of them. All these warlike tales must not frighten you, only I think it is much better that you should hear all the accounts from me than through the *Athenæum*.

Cawnpore (no date).

The day before yesterday, Ours, the Sikhs, the cavalry and two guns went to Bithoor, the nest of the fiend who commanded the insurgents here. We started at 10 a.m., and got there about four. We found that he had fled, and all his following dispersed.

We found twenty guns, the whole of which we brought in yesterday, having bivouacked in the Nana's compound. He had a magnificently furnished English house, with all sort of cows, dogs, horses and sheep, in a large English paddock.

We looted a good deal. One man of

mine (my own servant) got 600 rupees. I have a chair and a silver plate, which I hope I shall be able to keep. We arrived in camp last night, and found General Neill and 200 of the 84th, the Highlanders, and 64th had crossed the river. We expect to get an order to do the same hourly. Poor Renaud died this morning, his leg was amputated yesterday, and he was much better, but he sank suddenly this morning. They say that the insurgents round Lucknow are reduced to firing stones. Sir Henry Lawrence is dead, I fear. You had better address me now, General Havelock's Column, Cawnpore.

Cawnpore, *July 22nd*, 1857.

Here we are still, and the rain falling in torrents.

Nearly the whole of the Force are now on the other side of the river without tents. They say that the Sikhs are to cross this morning, and we cross this evening. No tents or baggage to be taken to Lucknow, so you may fancy what a comfortable time we shall have of it. Raikes and a hundred men remain here with some other troops in an entrenched camp under General Neill. We have heard no firing for some time now. I think they must be really getting short of ammunition.

The last camp shave is, "They are all quite comfortable at Lucknow, and can hold out till August."

Still no news from the north. The rebels are in full possession for the present. However, we have made all clear from Cawnpore to Calcutta, which is a good slice of road.

I do not think I told you that the General, after the Battle of Cawnpore, gave ourselves and the 78th a Victoria Cross for the man most worthy of it. When all behaved so well, it was very difficult to find any one man who had distinguished himself above his comrades. But I believe that Colour-Sergeant James Kelly, acting sergeant-major of our detachment, is to have the decoration.

I am sure that the whole regiment will be proud of having such an honourable decoration in its ranks, and I believe that a better soldier than Kelly cannot be found anywhere to carry it. He has been very badly wounded in the hand and arm, but is getting well rapidly. Poor Currie of the 84th died here of his wounds, and Beatson, our Adjutant-General, of cholera ; so these officers of the Force have now been buried in front of our camp.

One of the peculiar features of this place is the plague of flies. I had often heard of them, but, if I had not seen it, could not have believed it possible that so many flies existed in the world. You cannot conceive the nuisance they are. I would rather have millions of mosquitoes than suffer the agonies of annoyance caused by the Cawnpore fly.

I got a saddle and bridle here yesterday for twenty rupees.

I am going to send you by Dr. Howell a new dress, a present from Captain Grant, *looted* of course, and a silver tray from myself; that is if Howell goes away, which is not quite certain. He has been unwell for some time, and unfit for work, and as we have two others, Rean and Robertson, with us, I think they might spare him.

One of my men found at Bithoor a pair of thorough bred English bull-dogs, they

will bring him 500 rupees at least in Calcutta if he can only manage to keep them. No words can describe the state of mud and filth the camp is in this morning. The rain is still coming down in torrents, and we hourly expect to have to go and bivouac in it on the Oude side of the river.

I had a really good night's rest last night for the first time since I left Allahabad. I do not expect another for the next six months. I must now conclude, as I am getting near an end of my paper.

Cawnpore, *July 23rd*, 1857.

Here still. All well. All have now crossed or are crossing the river except ourselves and Sikhs. I suppose we shall

be off in an hour or two. I heard yesterday that the rebels had exhausted all their gun ammunition and were firing stones and tent pegs for two days, when they were suddenly stopped, and retired out of range of Sir Henry's guns. No one knows what they are at. I suppose they are making preparations to meet us. Nana Sahib has joined Nana Sing at Lucknow, and the Force that we drove out of Cawnpore are about seventy miles up the Agra road.

The rain is still falling very hard indeed, and we shall have frightful work of it, I fear, in the mud and rain.

Later.

We have made a move at last, and have got down to the bank of the river, where we are, men and all, in one house, with the

whole of our baggage and horses in the compound, so that you can fancy we are not troubled with much extra dress. I expect we shall cross the river to-morrow; 64th, 84th, and 78th are over, and the artillery are now crossing. We hear that the enemy are making *wondrous* preparations for us in Oude, 16 miles off. There are about 20,000 men in arms now in Oude, but they appear to have no leaders, and I do not think we shall have more than one good fight. We have had a fine morning, but the rain is creeping up again.

Camp in Oude, opposite Cawnpore,
July 25, 1857.

We crossed the river last night in a pelting shower of rain, and marched up to the General's position, which we reached at dark. As a *special favour* we were

allowed to remain on the road !!! Our proper position in the line was knee deep in water, and great was the difficulty Stephenson had in keeping us out of it.

We were hurried up yesterday as the General fancied he might be attacked, and we accordingly bivouacked on the road. Luckily it did not rain, and I found a man of the 60th Rifles who is doing adjutant-general's work who had a cold fowl ; he gave me a leg, which, with the biscuit and a ration of rum which each man had served out to him in the dark, afforded me a famous dinner. This morning we fell back half a mile, and are now occupying two little mud villages. I am with Dangerfield and Bailey under a tree, and am quite comfortable. Sir H. Bernard has died of cholera at Delhi, which is still in the hands of the rebels.

Road all clear now from Cawnpore to

Benares. Colonel Wilson of the 64th arrived by carriage dawk this morning.

I fancy Hamilton and Arthur have also arrived in Cawnpore with the band and colours and 30 men. I expect we shall move but a short way to-morrow morning so as to have a shorter march before our first fight in Oude.

Bivouac at a village 5 miles from Oude
bank of the river,

26th July, 1857.

Another line to let you know I am well. We are waiting here for our food, and 170 of our men who are not across the river. Hamilton, Gosling and Arthur will be with us to-night, I expect. The General says he will march to-morrow, whether the men and stores are up or not. The place we are now in is a little better than our last

bivouac. It rained, though, last night in torrents. Our cavalry has just gone ahead reconnoitring. The enemy, they say, are in position about ten miles to our front. Lots of reports flying about. I am sorry to say that cholera has made its appearance in the Force, and we have lost a great many men, chiefly 64th and Artillery. *We* had a case or two last night, none yet fatal. We certainly cannot afford to lose a man at this juncture.

I write to you every day and send the letters to the General's tent, then trust to Providence. I hope you get them all, though I can hardly fancy that you can, as so many letters seem to miscarry owing to the continued disturbance in Central India.

General Neill has just captured in a village near Cawnpore the subada-major of the 1st B.N.I., one of the greatest

scoundrels loose. He intends making him clean a portion of the house where all the unfortunate women were killed, and then will hang him at the door—that's the way to treat these men.

I saw in the *Athenæum* of the 9th, Colonel Cotton's noble offer of 1000 rupees to head a subscription for relief of sufferers, and I think it does him credit. I wish someone would get up a subscription for officers who have lost all their kits and horses, etc. I am reduced to three flannel shirts, three socks, three handkerchiefs and one shell jacket; two pair of trousers, two pair of shoes, two blankets and a waterproof cover. Where the rest of my property is no one knows. It is scattered about impartially all over Bengal.

Dale and Chisholm are in Cawnpore. They arrived yesterday, and Græme and Hornsby are in Allahabad. The 5th

Fusiliers and 90th have, they say, both left Calcutta for Cawnpore. I wish they were here.

The women in Palaveram all seem to be in a great state of alarm, judging from the letters their husbands get. I hope the Government are taking care of them and looking after them. All the wives of the 64th and 78th get free rations and beer at Bombay, as long as their regiments are away.

We are all in a great state of delight at the prospect of seeing Gosling and Hamilton joining us to-day in white trousers and gorgeous array. If you could only see us, you would stare with wonder at our state of dirt and dishevelment. Flannel shirts, jack boots, and enormous turbans will make Gosling open his eyes with horror. One consolation is, that he must lapse into the same state after one night's rain. Now good-bye.

Did I tell you what that miscreant Nana Sahib said to his army after the battle of Oonao? "Kill all the men in dirty shirts and blue caps, they kill all my men before they fire." I am very glad we made such an impression on him. We wounded his brother at Futtipore, and he died four days after.

Busharut Gunge, Oude,

30th July, 1857.

I could not write to you yesterday, as we were literally fighting from morning till night. We got under arms at four o'clock in the morning, and marched at five; before six we were under fire, and by 9.30 we drove the enemy off the field, having captured fifteen guns. They were as usual very strong in numbers, and in a very good position. They fought much better

than the sepoy's on the other side of the river.

Poor Richardson was killed, and Seton very badly wounded. I fear the casualty roll of the Force must be very heavy. We marched at two o'clock, and found our friends in a very strong village with five guns, with which they fought right well. We lost a great many in wounded here, and it was past seven o'clock when we got through the village, and bivouacked on the Lucknow side of it. The name of the place where we had our first battle is Oonao, the second took place at Busharut Gunge where we are now. I suppose we shall advance this afternoon. The heat yesterday was fearful. I was exposed to the sun the whole day, and I feel as if all my bones were dried up. My hand is so stiff I can hardly write. I forgot to tell you we took four or five guns here, so we

have taken nearly one third of the enemy's guns already.

The General says that he intends making "A splendid" report of the regiment for the way in which we skirmished in the morning and evening. Very gratifying, but we all begin to wish that a small share of the work might be given the 64th and 84th. The 78th and ourselves had it all our own way as usual yesterday, and the fatigue of four or five hours, skirmishing knee deep in mud and water with a Bengal July sun overhead is not small. The enemy's cavalry as usual did nothing. They seem regular hounds. I had several narrow escapes yesterday, but by God's mercy was spared all harm. We shall in all probability have one fight to-morrow or to-night, and an awful scrimmage at Lucknow, of course, and then I hope we may return to Cawnpore.

We have lost 200 men since we have been in Bengal, and we can only muster about 200 men in the field at Head Quarters.

The rest are all sick and scattered. Of course we have more men in camp, but we certainly only go into action 200 strong.

I think it very possible that this letter may not reach you, as the road can hardly be as open from here to Cawnpore as it is below.

Camp, seven miles from Cawnpore,
July 31st.

A hurried line to tell you that we have fallen back about ten miles to this place, name (to me) unknown, and here, from the preparations, we seem likely to stop. No one knows the reason, but it is pretty generally supposed that our Force is totally unfit to advance. We lost killed

and wounded on the 29th, between seventy and eighty men. I think it probable that we are awaiting reinforcements. I fancy we shall be off again before long, as troops *must* be coming up.

Camp, seven miles from Ganges, Oude,

August 1st, 1857.

I wrote you a very short letter yesterday, and put off writing until I was nearly too late altogether for the post. I had not very much to tell you, as it was a very uneventful day, not a shot fired from morning till night. What to-day may bring forth I know not, but we cannot expect to remain here very long without being attacked. From the various preparations being made I think it very possible that the General intends remaining here in position several days. May-

cock, of H.M. 53rd, who is one of our D.A. quarter-master generals of the force, told us this morning that he believed that we were to wait here for reinforcements. Where they are to come from (within a fortnight) I cannot conceive, and by that time we shall be hemmed in here, as they are at Lucknow. They will not of course do us very much damage, but it is very disagreeable being penned up like sheep. We have pickets out all round our position of course, and these will give us timely warning of any advance in force.

Grant, Dangerfield, Arnold, self and Bailey are all in a native mud hut. You never saw such a queer little hole in your life. If it was not for the heat and myriads of flies, we should be *almost* comfortable. All the men are either in huts of the same kind, or living under bowers made of branches of trees, and under trees which

are thick enough to keep out the sun. Hamilton has collapsed from the exposure to heat and night air, and is laid up with fever and pains in his bones. I was much the same yesterday, but am better to-day. The Major and Frazer both far from well, and indeed all ailing more or less. The General is very much pleased with the Regiment, and told the Major yesterday, that, "Often as he had cause to be pleased with us, he was astonished at the energy and daring displayed by the blue caps on the 29th, and that although he had already had the pleasure of bringing the Regiment to the notice of the G.G., he now intended making a special report of the service rendered by the Regiment on that day." The adjutants of the 84th were both badly wounded on the 29th, and I fear that several officers who have been wounded are very badly so. I think it is

the General's intention to send all the wounded and sick into Cawnpore to-night. I am sure I hope they may be sent, as they are far from being comfortable here, poor fellows.

I have just read Major Stephenson's dispatch to the adjutant-general, and am happy to say that he has mentioned my name with Grant and Fraser, and Arnold. It was our luck to be with the skirmishers in the morning, and Dangerfield and Hargood had them in the evening.

I was with the left support in the evening, and with Major Stephenson and Captain Grant got peppered very fairly from the loop-holed houses that covered the enemy's guns and entrance to the village of Busharut Gunge.

3 p.m. We are still quite quiet, but cannot expect to be so much longer. Cawnpore quiet, but hourly expect to be

attacked by the Gwalior and Futtehghar rebels who are making preparations for moving on the place. Seton still doing well, but very much disfigured, poor boy. I hope you get all my wonderful letters. I write every day nearly, under trees, and in tents and all sorts of eccentric places. I am writing this in front of our hut, with three fellows smoking and talking outside all round me, and I write away as snugly and unconcerned as if I were in a gorgeous and quiet library. As I write to my own Nell, I feel my mind quite abstracted from all other matters, and nothing under a heavy gun would rouse me.

Camp seven miles from Ganges, Oude,

August 2nd, 1857.

Here we are still in our old place, entrenching ourselves and making our-

selves as strong as we can to resist the enemy, who are going to make us all into curry directly. I am in great hopes that they will attack us here, as they will most certainly lose more men in the attempt than they ever have done yet. From the preparations being made here, I think it likely that we shall stop for some time in this charming spot.

To-day, Sunday, we were to have paraded for Divine Service at 5.30 a.m., instead of which the enemy's cavalry disturbed one of our cavalry pickets last night, and we turned out at one o'clock and laid down under arms till daylight. My poor bones feel as sore as ever again from exposure. I had no blanket, cloak, or anything. I was rather better yesterday, having slept in a mud hut that I told you of.

Camp Mungulwar, Oude,

3rd August, 1857.

We still remain at this village, and have not yet been attacked from any quarter.

We are still in the dark about the General's intentions. Everybody is frightfully disgusted at his conduct; but he doubtless is acting on the best information, and has very good reasons for his apparent want of energy. News came into camp this morning from Delhi. What it is no one knows. The General only deigns to say "It is good," which I suppose means that we have not been actually yet obliged to raise the siege. I wonder when they will storm the place; nearly two months have now elapsed since the siege commenced.

I see by the Madras papers that a sub-

scription has been undertaken for the relief of the families of the regiment. Poor creatures ! I am sure they will need it. We have now lost hard on 200 men, and many of them were married.

We are now blessed with wonderfully fine weather, which is a great mercy. I fear we should suffer fearfully if it was to rain. We bury a man every day as it is. How thankful we shall all be to get back to Madras ; the work is awful for all ranks—nothing but utter misery and discomfort for the men. I dare not hope to be relieved until we are reduced to the very lowest ebb, and then I suppose the few of us that remain will bring the colours of the regiment back to its Presidency. I hear the 60th Rifles are to go to Madras, which will lessen our chance of return not a little. However, it can't be helped. I hope I may get back some day.

Camp as before, *August 4th*, 1857.

I shall write from the place we have fallen back on, but hear orders have been issued for us to hold ourselves in readiness to march to-morrow morning. Three guns, a few artillerymen, and sixty of the 84th came into camp this morning. I suppose that this is the detachment for which we have been detained. The news from Delhi that arrived yesterday has not leaked out. I fancy it was nothing very wonderful after all.

August 6th, 1857.

I was stopped the day before yesterday by the bugles sounding the assembly. We had to march to meet the enemy at Busharut Gunge, from which place we had driven him on the 29th. We slept at our

arms at a place about four miles from the enemy's position, and yesterday morning went at him and gave him the best licking he has had yet, but we could not take his guns. They were all horsed. The enemy was so numerous that we were twice completely surrounded, and our rear guard threatened, so we had again to beat a retreat to our old position.

The General yesterday divided his force into three divisions : and we found ourselves taken from the Highlanders and brigaded with the 64th. We were the rear division, but at last we got an order to move to the right flank, and cover three guns that had been sent round to harass the enemy as they crossed the bridge on the other side of the town.

We lined the edge of the water and kept up a jolly fire for a long time, wondering when the bridge was to be taken. At last

we heard a cheer, and the 84th dashed over it with four guns, but they did not seem to get any further, and the bridge being now crowded with guns and limbers, etc., the enemy opened from the front.

Then was the cry, "Where are the Fusiliers?" and away we went some distance back to get on to the road, and threaded our way through the mass which choked the bridge, and supported by the Highlanders, cleared the village in a crack. As we were forming on the other side ready to make a rush, Havelock said, "Hurrah! blue bonnets, that's right, show 'em the way," and we did show them the way in style.

But the day's work was awful, three hours' fighting and twenty miles march. We got back at about 8.30 p.m., and horror! I found I was for an outlying picket. I got some food at 10 p.m., and

rolled in a cloak had a jolly sleep. I write this from the picket, from which I shall not be relieved till 5.30 this evening. Pleasant! but unavoidable. There was a report last night that we were to recross the river and await the arrival of a larger force, but staff officers have been all round the place this morning looking for positions for guns, so I fancy we are going to remain here.

We hear that the rebels have raised the siege of Lucknow, and are coming down to exchange compliments with us by way of a change. It is impossible to say what they really intend doing. I have no doubt we must have done the garrison at Lucknow a deal of good by drawing off men and guns from around them, and I trust that they have been enabled to procure more provisions; as long as they have food, they can hold out for ever. Would that

all this were over. I am truly tired of this constant marching and countermarching without even tents. We went into action yesterday morning in one of the heaviest downpours of rain I ever remember, and then were baked on an open plain for the rest of the day. Poor old Fusiliers ! I wish some of the good folks could see how cheerfully and nobly the "old lambs" bear up against all kinds of fatigue and privations.

Camp Mungulwar, Oude.

17th August, 1857.

We now hear that we are to return to Cawnpore for certain. It will take some time getting the commissariat across the river again, and then we shall have to embark with the guns, etc. I suppose it will take at least a week before we are all across. We had an alarm last night and

were turned out. A few of the enemy's cavalry and infantry came down upon the picket, from which I had just been relieved by Arnold. They all retired on the sentry firing on them.

It is very wet to-day, and we all have to sit crowded in our little hut, and from the heat and flies are all half mad.

Mungulwar, Oude, *August 8th*, 1857.

I have not much to tell you to-day, but as usual thankfully greet the chance of being able to write to you. I actually spent a cheerful evening yesterday. We had a wonderful stew made of mutton and potatoes!!! and we got some beer from Cawnpore!! and we all *nearly* got happy, and as we were not turned out during the night, we paraded at reveillé this morning in lighter states of mind than usual.

It rained yesterday incessantly, but to-day we have a lovely sky, and so we are drying all our blankets and clothes, ready for a move in any direction. Out of our small force we have forty in hospital, but I am happy to say only one or two serious cases. Report says this morning that we are again to advance ; no one knows the General's intentions. I think that he is very wise in keeping his own counsel, at the same time it is very disagreeable living in this nasty hole in a state of uncertainty as to our future movements.

You will have heard ere this of the mutiny at Dinapore, and the fearful massacre of 150 men and five officers of the 10th N.I., and 37th N.I. at Arrah. It is supposed that those who escaped from the trap into which they were led, have been by this time starved or cut to pieces. They consisted of another hundred gallant men.

Fearful times these! I am most thankful to think that you have all hitherto been spared any of these horrors in Madras.

The inhabitants of Calcutta are all in a fearful state of terror, and all the troops that ought to be with us are detained to take care of the Calcutta folk, who, I should think, with the assistance of the thousands of sailors who are procurable at a minute's notice from the shipping in the Hooghly, ought to be well enough able to take care of themselves.

Camp, *9th August*, 1857.

I find that, after all, the chances are in favour of our returning to Cawnpore. I know that the Engineers were employed at the Ghat yesterday morning making a flying bridge, and that boats were employed all day passing bullocks, commissariat,

stores, etc., and carts over to the entrenched camp. I believe that very good news has been received from Lucknow, to the effect that they have lots of provisions, ammunition, etc., and feel themselves secure.

We must have drawn off a very large portion of the enemy in our direction, and as the Ghoorkas must have entered Oude by this time, I have no doubt that they are enjoying a few days' quiet and are able to refit and lay in fresh supplies.

The steamer went up the river yesterday to disperse the 42nd B.N.I. Regiment, which has halted a few miles above Bithoor on the bank of the river, and round whom a large number of Budmashes are collecting. We also hear that a large rabble are gathering about twenty miles from Cawnpore, on the Agra Road, with six guns of sorts ; so we shall have some work to do if we do recross the river.

I hear that a terrible revenge has been taken on the mutineers at Arrah, for the slaughter that I told you of yesterday.

I am getting quite dissipated! I dined yesterday with the Artillery for the purpose of eating pancakes, and I dine with the Highlanders to-night; so you see we are keeping up our spirits, though we are in Oude and the enemy in our front.

We have, I deeply regret to say, just lost our sergeant-major from cholera, a man whose loss to the regiment is irreparable. He leaves a wife and three children at Palaveram. Do you think you could manage to see her and speak a few words of consolation to the poor woman? The whole regiment attend his funeral this afternoon. Our last date from Madras is the 25th, and I see that folk are subscribing very handsomely for the bereaved families of the Fusiliers.

Camp Mungulwar, Oude.

August 10th, 1857, 5 p.m.

I fear that this letter will not be in time for to-day's dawk, but I have been in a state of preparation for moving since 7 p.m. yesterday.

Last night I went to dine with the Highlanders. Just as I sat down to dinner an orderly came to inform me that my company was to march immediately. Part of 300 men and two guns that were to go off on a secret expedition with one day's food. I swallowed my dinner and rushed home, packed up my bed, and anxiously waited for the order to move. At nine we were told that the movement was postponed until further orders. At nine this morning I was informed that I was on duty, and that the whole force was to move somewhere at 10 a.m. I was to remain behind

with twenty men and thirty-five sick, the whole of the bedding and ammunition.

Willis of the 84th (now commanding that corps), as field officer of the day, was sent for by the General, and told that after the departure of the force he was responsible for the position and baggage. He had the guards and pickets, about 200 men, and six guns. We made our arrangements accordingly, and at 10 a.m. the army fell in and remained under arms until 12, when orders came down that the expedition was postponed until further orders. At 4 p.m. I was again informed that I was to be prepared to move off at half an hour's notice with 100 of our men, and 100 of the 84th to go with us. Where we are to go to, no one knows. I have unpacked my bed, and write you this line on the chance of catching the dawk.

Camp Mungulwar, Oude.

11th August, 1857.

As we were going to bed last night, an order came that we were to be ready to march this morning to the front with one day's rations. However, we turned out at reveillé as usual, and the General sounded the retreat, or rather the disperse, a few minutes after sunrise. He had again changed his mind. I hear that the heavy guns leave for the river at 8 p.m. in order that they may reach the Ghat by moonrise, and that the rest of us are to move off at midnight. If he gets us all across safely he will be wonderfully lucky. Report also says we are to go to Agra. I don't exactly see how we can possibly manage that. We have forty sick on this side of the river alone. How they are to be got down is a mystery.

The rebels are awfully in want of caps for their muskets. They say they have taken the nipples off many of their pieces and fire them like matchlocks with a slow match. Caps sell in Delhi for anything, owing to the dawkh being cut off at Sasseram. We got no Calcutta news yesterday; Neill had a copy despatch from Delhi "doing well;" only 2000 Europeans left in camp though, cholera has thinned their ranks fearfully.

I don't think I told you that Dale went up the river two or three days ago with fifty men and some guns, and had a fight with 42nd B.N.I. He had three of his men wounded, and they returned the day before yesterday. I do not know what damage he did to the enemy. I do not think that you will hear from me again from this side of the river, at least I hope not. God grant that I may reach Cawnpore

safely, and that I may be able to give you good news from there.

Entrenched Camp, Cawnpore.

18th August, 1857.

I have been unable to write to you for several days for the following reasons. The General made us send everything we had across the river, and at 10 a.m. on the 11th he sent staff officers all over the place to see that nothing was left. Having satisfied himself that not a box of lucifers was in camp, he immediately ordered the column to advance. We marched that afternoon seven miles, and bivouacked in a plain. I had a cloak, luckily—few men had that. It rained too in the night. Next morning we fought another battle and took two guns and lots of horses. Grant was wounded slightly in the leg. That night

we returned to our old position, and next morning we went down to the river. Our regiment and the pickets of the night before, with four guns, composed the embarkation crossers, and we were lying in the sand without a rag or mat over us till two o'clock p.m. We were then allowed to move into some huts near the Ghat, and we eventually got into some houses in Cawnpore at nine p.m. You may fancy the luxury of a hasty toilet and a night's rest. I was too tired to eat, and next morning I found I had fever, and I have been laid up ever since, but am very much better to-day. The force went to Bithoor yesterday to turn out the 42nd B.N.I., the 2nd Cavalry, and some Oude Regiment that has occupied the place. Fusiliers had seven killed and five wounded; 78th thirteen wounded, and one officer. It was a sharp affair.

Cawnpore, *August 19th*, 1857.

Our little force wonderfully reduced. The last battle at Bithoor was fought by less than 600 Europeans, though four regiments were in the field. Poor Chisholm died last night of cholera, he was taken ill on picket. Campbell of the Highlanders died the night before.

I am very much better to-day, no fever, and shall report well to-morrow.

The other bank of the river swarms with the enemy, who are up to some mischief or other, we can't make out what. The steamer and 100 men under Arnold went twenty miles down the river this morning to put a stop to the proceedings at a town in that direction. They are trying to cross, and as we have a large force, and guns on the Agra Road, and the 42nd B.N.I., and others near Bithoor, 3000 men at

Sharazpore with guns, and some 8000 of Scindiah's troops to keep in check until the Governor-General vouchsafes to send a few men to our aid, we had rather the Oude men kept on their own side of the river. One of the Madras regiments is to go to Benares, and the other to Dinapore.

I don't know what other troops have arrived in Calcutta.

There seems to be great excitement at home about the mutiny, but people know nothing of it yet; every mail carries home new horrors, and when the Cawnpore massacre becomes known I don't know what people will do.

Fifty thousand rupees has been offered now for Nana Sahib. We caught his wife and mother-in-law the other day, but they are of no use. I suppose he will be caught some day, and I hope Neill may have the

chance of punishing him. He has devised a punishment for him, I know.

We have a fearful number in hospital, and seventy men, who are too much exhausted to do anything, live in the theatre with a surgeon to look after them. They are called "the invalids," but the whole force might be classed in the same category. Such a lot of woe-begone ragged, bearded ruffians you never saw! Gosling is laid up with fever now. Please God some of us will live through it all. Many can't expect it among the men, for they are really disappearing at a frightful rate.

Cawnpore, *August 20th*, 1857.

I write my daily letter as usual, but have not much to tell you. General Outram is appointed to command here, and we hope

to see him as soon as he has got Dinapore in order. There is a report to-day that 600 men are coming up from Allahabad, but I fear that the news is too good to be true. The dawk comes in now regularly again, so I suppose the mutineers at Arrah have been dispersed, and the Grand Trunk Road cleared of them for the present.

The camp which has been entrenched near the river, where all the sick live, and all our food and ammunition is stored, is to be abandoned, and a new position taken up. The reason is, that we expect the enemy will shortly commence to fire into it from the other bank of the river. I move from it to-night, and go to our own camp, being reported well. I hear that we have 370 men in the field hospital this morning, so I fancy that the men are improving a little in health. It is, however, a fearful number ! No news from the north, and we are pretty

quiet this morning as yet. The steamer has not returned from her trip down the river.

Allahabad is to be garrisoned by a naval Brigade of 300 blue-jackets, under the celebrated Captain Peel, who commanded the Naval Brigade in the Crimea.

Cawnpore, *August 21st*, 1857.

A very hurried line to-day. I am very busy. I moved into the camp last night from the sick tents, and found them pitched in a delightful swamp, and all at an early dinner which my sort rejected. I am now acting adjutant, and have my hands full of work of all sorts and kinds. I have only just got a moment to write this line to you, as I don't like to let a day go without writing a scrap. No news of any kind from north or south: We stop here at all

events for some days, and the men are living in the old Cavalry stables!!! Poor Raikes has had cholera, but is better.

Cawnpore, *August 22nd*, 1857.

I moved this morning from our tent down to a corner of the Cavalry stables, where with Hamilton I am located in one of the most decided smells I have ever experienced. Captain Maycock (one of the numerous Dep. Ass. Q.M.G.'s attached to our Force) was here just now, and congratulated me on being so comfortable, and also said that we had cleaned out our stable better than any other Regiment. What a jolly state *they* must be in! Two officers died last night: Grant, of our 3rd Europeans, who was adjutant of the Volunteer Cavalry, and an officer named Brown,

who had escaped the massacre at this station. Three men of the 84th and two of the 64th also died. I am happy to say none of ours taken ill, and Tom Raikes is much better to-day. Frazer and Grant still seedy. Grant's wound is going on very well, and Seton's too. Gosling hopes to be able to go out of camp to-morrow. All the sick and wounded are to be sent to Allahabad as soon as arrangements can be made for sending so large a number of men. We had a highly complimentary order from Sir Colin Campbell last night by electric telegraph, which is now open from here to Calcutta.

We have very nasty weather, and a cold chilly wind blows all day and night. No news of our moving anywhere, and until strong detachments come up I expect we shall remain where we are.

The 90th are moving up, they say, and

on their arrival I suppose we shall be able to do something.

Cawnpore, *August 24th*, 1857.

I had so much to do yesterday that I had no time to write my usual letter ; but I had no news to give you, so you did not lose anything.

Two men of the 16th Irregular Cavalry came in yesterday and laid down their arms. I do not know what Havelock intends doing with them, but I fancy they will be hanged. Poor Kenny of the 84th died this morning.

The steamer returned yesterday. All well. They were fired at several times, but no harm was done to anybody. A party of men are marching up from Allahabad, and we send away all our invalids to that place to-morrow by land. We are trying

to get up some sports for the men, to distract their minds from hospitals, and doctors, etc. The band of the 84th have commenced playing, and ours practised this morning for the first time, so we are getting quite lively.

I had nearly 300 men for duty this morning, more than any other regiment in the Force. Tom Raikes is very much better, and I think is now quite out of danger; he had a narrow escape. Our men are rapidly getting better, and are daily improving on good rations and rest, luxuries they were getting strangers to altogether.

Brecks has sent up a very large present of Trichinopoly cigars for the use of the regiment; a most handsome present, and one which is highly appreciated by the men, who feel very deeply a kindness of the sort.

General Sir Patrick Grant has written a most complimentary letter to Neill about the "Lambs" on his departure from Calcutta, and we are *prouder* than ever.

I am writing this letter as hard as I can scribble, as you may see. Harcourt writes from Delhi, "We are getting on famously, if you don't look sharp we shall have destroyed the place before you come up."

I must now stop and go on with orderly room work.

Cawnpore, *August 27th*, 1857.

I have not written to you for the last two days, I literally have not had five minutes to myself. I have lots of news for you to-day, but you must not believe all you hear about anything, even when written by *me*, as every report is *improved* on in camp. *They say* that General Outram,

instead of coming here, intends going to Lucknow, *via* Faizabad, with the 90th, 5th, and Ghorkas; that 300 of the 50th have arrived in Allahabad, and the remainder, General Outram and 90th, were hourly expected, all *en route* for Cawnpore.

Two hundred of the 78th and fifty of *our* men are *really* coming up from Allahabad, and I believe Harris, Græme, Hornsby, Woods, "The Shepherd" and Duncan will come with them. We also expect Down and Parry very shortly, and we shall then have almost as many officers as men! *almost*. I also hear that Delhi was to be stormed *yesterday*; that I don't believe, as no general would give out to the public the time he intended storming a place.

The news from Lucknow is *very good*. They got lots of food in at the time the

mutineers left them to attack us, and the only thing they want is tea and sugar for the poor women there, and these things cannot be procured. Everything else there seems to be really in very good plight.

The enemy are pushing lots of batteries all up the road from here to Lucknow, so we shall have to take a gun or two more before we get there.

The dress and silver salver I have still got by me. I do not like asking anyone to take them, as it is so very difficult to carry any personal property about. I wrote to Rean and asked him to do so, and afterwards felt ashamed of myself, so now I intend to send the dress by dawk as soon as I get some wax cloth, which I hope to do in a day or two. Grant's wound is getting on well, and I hope he will be able to return to duty in a day or two. Seton goes to Allahabad

with the rest of the sick and wounded to-night. Fraser only had a contused wound, and never suffered an hour from it—much the same with Gosling's scratch. Our men, I think, still pick up in health and well-being. But all the officers seem to be complaining more or less, and I really think that, by God's blessing, I am the most healthy officer of the Fusiliers in camp. I am perpetually trotting about from place to place, from morning till night. I fancy I have answered or acknowledged, half a hundred orders and chits from various folks since I began this letter. The whole of the army (officers) dine with the cavalry to-morrow night. We shall sit down upwards of a hundred at dinner. I must now stop, as I have to go to the adjutant-general's office to write orders.

Cawnpore, *August 30th*, 1857.

I was so idle and sleepy yesterday after the grand dinner at the cavalry mess, that I was yawning about all day over my work, and neglected to write my usual letter.

I must now tell you of this marvellous entertainment. Nearly ninety officers sat down to dinner in a large empty stable, and as every officer brought his own plates and tumblers, etc., and no two dishes or candlesticks on the table were of the same pattern, the effect was highly pleasing and original. They gave us, however, a capital dinner, and we made ourselves as jolly as possible—lots of speeches and songs, which all came off with more or less success. I absolutely sang! but not until Finlay of the 78th administered a bowl of whiskey punch, manufactured in a highly scientific and successful manner, and which we dis-

cussed with great gusto out of a jelly glass. I left at one o'clock, but some thirty or forty remained much later, and I rather think some must be there still. However, I was very sleepy when I got up and inspected the regiment at 4.30, and went to sleep after parade with infinite satisfaction, and so remained till 9 a.m.

We hear that Sir James Outram with 1500 men may be expected in about a fortnight. Two hundred men came in this morning from Allahabad, and we expect another party to-morrow.

We still have nothing but rain, and the ground is in an indescribable state of mud. In three weeks we shall have the cold weather, which we are all looking forward to in the fond expectation of getting strong and well again. We expect to start on or about the 10th of next month; this of course depends on the arrival of the detach-

ments and regiments now *en route* for us. Raikes is much better, and gone to stop with Neill for a day or two.

Cawnpore, *September 1st*, 1857.

Gosling reported well this morning, so I had the most lively satisfaction of handing over the adjutancy to him. I am now a nobleman at large again. Barclay, "our gentle shepherd," arrived this morning with fifty-six of *our* men from Allahabad. With his party were eighty of the 78th, and fifty of the 84th, so we have nearly replaced the 300 sick and wounded that we sent away last week. Barclay is looking very well, and gorgeous in array. Ah! ah! that won't last long! The men's sports began last night, and they go on again to-day. Everything went off well yesterday, and

our men hold their own very well among the other regiments in camp.

Cawnpore, 3rd September, 1857. •

A very hurried line to-day, as I have been on a committee all the morning about kits and bedding that have been lost in the field.

We hear to-day from England that 26,000 men leave for India, and two troops of horse artillery with six batteries. They will be a great thing. All quiet here, and I think the rains are really beginning to break up. Agra all well; we get despatches from there every day.

Several horse and pony races came off last evening with great *éclat*, and we are to have some more this evening. Our band and that of the 84th played last night, and the 78th play to-night for the first time.

We actually had a *lady* at the races last night. Poor woman! She escaped with her husband from Futtigharh, and they have been concealed by a rajah in Oude ever since; her escape is something miraculous—name Probyn, B.C.S. Other people arrived from the same place, but I have not heard what their names are, and have not seen them.

Cawnpore, *September 7th*, 1857.

We had most excellent news last night, both from Delhi and Lucknow. At the former place General Nicholson's brigade had engaged the Neemuch and Bareilly mutineers, and had beaten them with great slaughter, taking twelve guns from them.

At Lucknow garrison all well. The only two heavy guns belonging to the enemy dismounted, and they can neither fire nor

move them. We also hear that the enemy have only one other serviceable gun (a 24-lb. iron gun), and that *we* hope to have the felicity of depriving them of next week. It is also said that only 4000 regular sēpoys are left in arms in Oude; they get no pay, and have consequently dispersed and refuse to fight.

We expect to recross the river on Friday; but we shall not advance of course for a few days, as Sir James Outram cannot be here before the end of the week. The heat to-day is something awful—no a breath of air to be felt in house or tent.

Cawnpore, *September 8th*, 1857.

We had no dawk in from Madras this morning, and only got one newspaper from Calcutta with nothing in it, so I cannot give you much Bengal news. The

troops now between this and Allahabad amount to 1490, and they say there are sixty *disbanded* officers with Sir James Outram. I suppose they will join the cavalry; and they will really be a most valuable acquisition. They are chiefly griffins and the officers of the Dinapore mutineers.

Our sports did not come off last night, but they are going to have a grand day next Thursday instead.

It is now said that we shall not cross the river on Friday, but that a portion of the force will cross on Sunday next: others say they know (on the highest authority of course) that we leave on the 20th.

The enemy have again begun to work at their batteries on the other side of the river, and I hear had a regular parade this morning with colours flying, and only three regiments and about 400 each.

Cawnpore, *September 10th, 1857.*

I did not write to you yesterday as I was on a committee all the day nearly, and felt so tired when I got back to my *stable* that I lay down and slept. I have not heard any fresh news. The Hon. J. Fraser, of the 1st B.N.I., and a Mr. Bennett of the same regiment, both joined our regiment this morning : Fraser seems a nice fellow. I do not yet know the other. Their regiment was one in garrison at Cawnpore. They were on detached duty at Bandah, from where they have apparently had a most miraculous escape. Their regiment fought against us at Cawnpore, and we have just heard that they are on the other side now, waiting for us with two other Cawnpore regiments.

The first is commanded by a soubadar who Fraser says always was a most

troublesome character and for many years had shown a very discontented disposition.

I hope you still continue perfectly quiet at Madras, and have not been alarmed by any kind of disturbances. I feel so very very anxious, being at such a distance, and sometimes fancy all kinds of horrors.

I see by the papers that the 3rd Madras Cavalry have volunteered to go to Bengal!!! I hope they will not come! It is now worse than madness to trust any native. I feel more and more thankful that my luck got me to a European regiment. Officers here say nothing will induce them to serve with natives again under any circumstances: no wonder, after the awful treachery they have been all guilty of.

There was a grand paper hunt this morning, and I believe there was a very

good meet, and they had a six mile run.

The rest of the games for the men come off to-morrow afternoon.

Cawnpore, *September 13th*, 1857.

We are making preparations for crossing the river, and we fired upon the enemy with our heavy guns this morning, and sent them running in all directions. 100 of our men go over to reconnoitre to-night, and I expect we shall be at Lucknow in less than a fortnight.

I only hope we shall not be left in Oude to garrison the different places there. If we are really intended to be relieved, we ought to be in Madras in January, but this I fear is far too good to be true. I expect that we shall not have so much fighting in Oude this time as we had when we were

there last. The much larger force that we take with us will keep them at a respectful distance. A party of Outram's force have destroyed a party of 300 Oude men that crossed the river between this and Allahabad. He also destroyed two guns that they brought over with them. We expect his column in here the day after to-morrow, and by that time our bridge of boats ought to be in position, ready for us to cross, guns, commissariat, stores, etc., and then we shall be really off.

I must now wind up. To-morrow I shall be able to let you know the result of this evening's reconnaissance.

Cawnpore, *September 14th*, 1857.

Our men embarked in the steamer at a quarter to 3 p.m. yesterday, and steamed to within fifty yards of the opposite bank

and there they struck on a sand-bank! All the world went down to see them start. And we all expected to see the enemy open fire on the steamer directly after the stoppage : but no, they kept at a very respectful distance. They all turned out of their camps and made a brave show, but they had no fight in them.

I waited there till nearly dark, and as Battine, an old schoolfellow of mine, was coming to dine with me at our mess (two miles off) I beat a retreat. Fraser and Arnold came into the mess tent very tired ; they had done nothing, and had left Beaumont with twenty men to guard the steamer. Late last night an order came for the same men to go down to the steamer at 4.30 this morning. They went down again, and the steamer being still hard and fast, they crossed in boats and destroyed one of the enemy's batteries, and returned at twelve o'clock.

I have just been down there, and have seen Fraser, who says that they did not see a soul, but that just as they had got half way across the river on their return, one matchlock man rushed down to the water's edge, and fired wildly in the air. The bridge of boats is all ready, and I expect will be swung over the river to-morrow morning. Outram, with the 5th Fusiliers with Eyre's Battery and 100 Afghan horse, will be in to-morrow. We send our band out to play the Fusiliers in. The rest of the force will be here the day after. We have now (thanks to Olpherts) got one of our batteries horsed. I went out to see them manœuvre this morning, and I must say they worked most admirably. He has only had three weeks to get his horses in order, and his harness made, and they really looked very well indeed. We had intelligence yesterday from Candahar, Peshawur, Meerut, Delhi and Agra. From

Candahar we learn that the Persians have evacuated Herat, and from the other places "All well." News from Bombay bad: more than one corps have shown decided symptoms of revolt. We are all well now. The rain has ceased, and though the sun is very hot, we find *that* is better than the damp.

Cawnpore, *September 15th*, 1857.

The 5th Fusiliers, 400 men; 78th, 100; 84th, 15; 64th, 170, and a field battery of Artillery came in this morning, and we expect the 90th, some of the 5th, and a few horse will be in to-morrow. We are to be in two brigades. Ourselves, the 5th and 84th under General Neill, and the 78th and 90th and Sikhs under Colonel Hamilton. We expect to be in Lucknow in seven days. If the enemy do not fight better than they

did before, we ought to walk through them very easily, and I make no doubt that we shall do so.

The orders have just been published and we parade to-morrow morning at 1.30 a.m. and take rations ready cooked with us for to-morrow. The Royal Artillery are attached to our Brigade. I am very glad of it. Maude and Maitland are both very nice fellows. We have had no Madras mail in, but I hope that I may get a letter from you to-morrow before I start; it will do me good. I shall not have many opportunities of writing from Oude this time. Outram says he wishes to get the affair over as quickly as possible, so we shall not be long away, and you will soon hear again regularly.

Cawnpore, *September 17th*, 1857.

At about 11 o'clock p.m. on the night of the 15th we were told that we had not to march at 2 a.m., and were to stand fast until further orders. This was the result of Outram's arrival, who said he would not have us exposed on the sandbanks on the other side of the river, and ordered the bridge of boats to be first attended to. This is now being done, and I fancy will be completed to-morrow morning.

We are now properly brigaded. Sikhs, 84th, 5th, and ourselves, Neill commanding: Captain Gordon, A.D.C., Captain Spurgin, Brigade Major, make 1st Brigade. 90th, 78th, and regiment of Ferozpoore, Hamilton commanding, staff not yet appointed, 2nd Brigade and Artillery Brigade.

We all take our bands complete to make

as much noise as possible and show off at Lucknow. We (Fusiliers) are taking up lots of comforts for the ladies and children in our mess, even sugar plums for the children have not been rejected.

I have not yet seen General Outram, but intend calling this evening if I have time.

The English mail came in the day before yesterday. I got no letters, but am charmed at the interest that all ranks at home take in India and Indian affairs. Disraeli's speech very fine. The *Times* says that we may take any vengeance we like on the rebel sepoys. Very kind, but we intend doing so without the kind permission of the *Times*, and hope to be in at the death of a few of 'em before to-morrow night.

The Sikhs are by this time across the river. They left camp at eight this morning to cover the bridge of boats, island, etc.

I daresay they will have a scrimmage before the day is out.

Everybody is in high spirits and we hope to be back in less than a fortnight, and then we start for Agra and Delhi—which last place is a second Sebastopol and will give much trouble.

Cawnpore, *September 18th*, 1857.

At about 12 o'clock midnight, the Highland Brigade was ordered to the river and away they went, and I believe are now crossing. Maude has got some of his guns over to the island, and every now and again we hear him waking up his friends. We expect to get the order to be off every hour, and we are all packed and ready to move at a minute's notice.

We hear the most wonderful stories here

about the enemy. One is that two regiments sent over to Havelock yesterday to volunteer their services. Another that the garrison of Lucknow are now marching to Cawnpore under the protection of some powerful Rajahs and Zemindars. A third, that the mutineers turned their guns on each other—in fact repeated the celebrated Kilkenny Cat feat at Lucknow. Meanwhile we saw a reinforcement of 1500, and three guns, Horse Artillery, arrive in the enemy's camp yesterday. The guns we hope to have to-morrow. The men we shall in all probability dispose of otherwise.

I am writing this very early in the morning as we expect to be off at any moment.

We shall soon be back from Lucknow, and then I hope that something will be done to relieve us; at the same time I hardly expect it, as I know the 60th Rifles are not to come from Madras to Calcutta,

and I see that our 2nd are still sending men from Burmah. However, you may be sure that everything will turn out for our good eventually, so we must look forward with brave hearts till happier days come.

THE END.

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